

A N
O R A T I O N
O F

Peter Francius,

UPON THE

FUNERAL of the Most August Princess

M A R Y II.

QUEEN of *Great Britain, France*
and *Ireland.*

Pronounc'd at *Amsterdam*, in the Old Dutch-Church, *March*
5. 1694. the very Day she was buried.

Done into English from the Latin Original.

L O N D O N.

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M D C X C V.

A short P R A Y E R,

Seeing I am ascended into this Place, appointed for Divine Worship, and preaching the Word of God, not of my own accord, nor rashly of my own head, but by the Command of the most Honourable Consuls, what more just and reasonable, what indeed more necessary, than that turning our Faces from men to God, we should begin with a Prayer address'd to him, to whom the Heathens themselves, far remote from the true Worship of God, always thought it proper to make their Invocations at the Threshold of their Labours?

THEE therefore, Omnipotent and Eternal God, without whose aid we can undertake nothing auspiciously, with a mind no less submissive and prostrate, than Body, I implore and supplicate, that thou wilt vouchsafe to look upon this my Oration, not sacred indeed, however neither impious nor prophane, nor misbecoming the Sanctimony of this Place, with a Gracious and Favourable Countenance: And while I rehearse and commemorate, not so much the Praises, as the Vertues of a most Pious and Religious Princess; not so much her Merits, as thy Benefits; that thou wouldest deign to afford me that Constancy, that modesty, which the Reverence of this Place, and the Dignity of the Subject requires from me. Pour down upon me thy Spirit, and inspire me with a sparkle of that Celestial Fire, wherewith of old thou didst enliven thy Apostles, those Divine Interpreters of thy will; touch my Tongue, kindle my Breast, and so Enlighten my mind, so temper my words, that I may utter nothing but what is Grave and Serious, and be-seeming this Place, that I may be enabl'd with a be-fitting Fervency, to Celebrate the Obsequies of this Princess, to set forth her Vertues, and bring to the Propounded End the Work by me begun, and fulfil the Duty laid upon me, if not with an Applause and Commendation becoming the Subject, yet without disgrace and contempt.

Funeral Oration

O F

Peter Francius, &c.

AN D was this, this then the only disaster that remained to compleat our Calamities, and the Miseries of this Republick, continued for so many Years, that in this Condition of Affairs, the War still raging, and, like a Conflagration, every where Consuming, the support of our Defence, the Consolation of this Affliction, the no less Best than Greatest of Queens, MARY, should be violently extorted from the World ! Breathless, Breathless she lies, she that was the most Wise and Prudent Governess of the *Brittish* Empire and of this Republick; and in the half way Race of her Life, in the highest Station of Honour, in the brightest splendour of Fortune, that far shining Constellation is extinguish'd. Give Credit, Noble Auditors, if not to Fame, which rarely in bad tidings deceives us, if not to your Ears, that so often have heard the sad, yet too true News, however to your Eyes; you have before your Eyes the sorrowful Prospect. The Obsequies are novv prepared; the Queen is novv carried Forth; and vvhatsoever in her vvvas Corporeal, Frail, Mortal or Terrestrial, is novv committed to Enternment and the Earth. The day is come, is come, the fatal dismal day has spread a gloomy light o're all the World, that has vvithdrawn from our sight the Noble Domicil of her Soul, the Habitation of all

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Virtues,

Vertues, that sweet and amiable Queen, the love of the *British* Nation the delight of ours, and now she sleeps among her Ancestors. All *London* follows the Funeral Pomp, and Enters the Royal Spoiles. Sorrow makes her way through all the Cities of *Britain*; nor will she be confin'd within the Limits of one Kingdom; It crosses the Sea, and ranges through all the Cities of Confederate *Belgium*; All places are fill'd with the Sounds of Mournful Knells, with weeping, lamentation and mourning, and every one displays the Convictions of his Grief. What a number of mournful Elegies? How many Sermons in Churches, how many O-rations in Academies, and what variety in their complaints? 'Tis a common Lamentation, and a Publick Sorrow. *Franker, Utrecht, Leyden*, and this City, the most spacious of all the Rest, this City also is a witness of the Universal Sorrow.

Prudently therefore, and no less deeply concern'd, as the Illustrious Governours of those Academies, so the most Honourable Presidents of this *Gymnasium*, and the most Honourable Consuls of this City, in this City also, under their own Jurisdiction, and most Flourishing *Emporium* of the whole World, thought requisite to Command a *Funeral Oration* in Honour of the most Serene and Potent Queen of *England*, and made choice of this Day and Place to Solemnise this Ceremony with so much the more numerous Concourse of People. And indeed what Day more Conspicuous, or more Pompous than the same which is set apart, and chosen by the King's Council for Publick Lamentation, and the Funeral Osequies of the Queen? What place more fit than this most Sacred and Religious, than this the most spacious Church within these Walls? Where could a Princess, so Pious and Religious, so devoted to God, during the whole course of her Life, be more worthily Applauded, than in this Place, consecrated to God and his Sacred Worship?

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Where did she deserve more properly to be Extoll'd, than in the Church, which she Erected in her most Pious Breast, and the most pure recesses of her Heart, a Structure most acceptable to God, and a most Beautiful Temple? What more agreeable and Consistent to Reason, than that the Eulogiums of this Princess should be sounded forth from this Pulpit, from whence the word of God is continually Preach'd to the People, and the Oracles and Decrees of Heaven are daily Promulgated; She who so willingly, and so assiduously frequented sacred Sermons, and fram'd the whole course of her Life according to those Divine Admonitions and Precepts, and according to that Rule and Method. And I could wish that the most Noble Fathers could behold a Person no less fit to speak, than the Time and Place is fit for Audience; who when they laid this task upon me, impos'd a Greater Burthen upon me than my shoulders are able to bear. For it is a Burthen both difficult and Ponderous, and almost surpassing Human Strength, to set forth the Praises of a Princess so transcendently Excelling, so Absolute in all Perfections, so Adorn'd with all sorts of Vertue; that is, to Extol Vertue it self.

But it behov'd us to Obey; for neither this Obedience to our Governours, nor this Duty to the Queen, was to be denied. For if that once Victorious and wide Commanding People, paid this last Honour to Illustrious Persons, and such as well deserv'd of the Republick; if to their Parents, and those Related to 'em by any Tye of Blood or Consanguinity, and propos'd their Vertues and Endowments as Patterns and Examples to be followed by themselves, whom shall we deem more worthy of this Honour, or more deservedly Extol, than the best of Princesses, not recommended to us by any single Vertue? For what Person more Illustrious than the Queen? Who better deserv'd at our Hands than she? Who ever Cherish'd and foster'd us with a more Material Affection,

on, than the Publick Parent and Common Mother of us all? What VVoman e're set us an Example of more or greater Vertues, who was her self a Living Examplar of all Vertue?

Seeing then no Woman ever left behind her a more plentiful Subject for true Panegyrick, nor a juster cause to bewail her Loss, unanimously join with me most noble Auditors, and let us pay that last and only Duty to a Queen so well and highly always deserving at our Hands, which our Gratitude and her deserts demand. I behold your Aspects, I view your Countenances and your Eyes, and Sorrow painted forth in every one: I behold your sable Garments, the Pulpit hung with Mourning, and methinks I see the Representation of that time, when the renowned and valiant *Michael Adrian Ruytir*, that Thunderbolt of War, that terrour of the Ocean, was the Theam of my Funeral Encomiums, and the Hero, whose Obsequies I had the Honour to solemnize. And if that Grief were just and lawful, if his Fall were dismall to the Republick, how much more just is our Sorrow now, how much deeper is the Wound which the Commonwealth has received by the Death of this Princess. This Dart has pierc'd so much more inwardly and deeply to the Marrow, and our Sorrow is so much the more grievous, by how much the more Illustrious the Person was whom we deplore. Certainly we have sustain'd a most unspeakable loss, not to be expiated by many Victories; nor has the loss been more detrimental to *England* then to those our Provinces. Both Nations at the same time now pay their last Duties, and their last Honours to her Memory. Let us accompany the Royal Funeral, and as far as it is in our povver, follow her to the Grave it self. And since vve cannot pretend to behold that Solemnity vvith our Corporeal Eyes, let us set before the Eyes of our Minds those Vertues and

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Endowments with which she was so richly stor'd, and let us view with the Eyes of Contemplation what was illustrious and Memorable, what was Amiable, Splendid, Transcendent, and truly Royal from the Beginning to the Exit of her Life. Which while I endeavour to perform, Think not, noble Auditors, that I intend to implore your favourable Attention. This numerous Concourse promises me that already: The Theam of my Oration, assures me of it more. For who but had a Love for a Princess so Amiable, and who but will honour with his Love a Woman that so highly honour'd all us with her Affection.

Think not that I shall ascribe false Praises to her, or that I shall make use of any Adulteration, or Caresses of gaudy Words in extolling her: who condemn'd all Adulation, and Counterfeit Ornament. I will give her her own true, proper, due Praises; and only crop the chiefest Heads of her most signal Vertues, it being impossible for me to make a full display of all.

Come on then, fellow Citizens and Countrymen, come on, if any present, Forreigners and Strangers: attend these great Obsequies; you never attended, never shall attend greater, and unfold with me the Birth, the Life, the Death of a Queen, the most renown'd in the World.

And that we may begin from her Cradle, the most August Queen was born in the sixty second Year of this Age, upon the tenth of May; *James* then Duke of York, and the Lord Chancellor's Daughter being her Parents. If Splendor of Birth can add anything of Reputation to her, what place more famous than *London*, the most celebrated Emporium of all *England*, and of all *Europe*? What Family more illustrious than that of the *Stuarts*, which plac'd both *James* and *Charles*, and this his Renown'd Neece upon the most August Throne of *Great Britain*? And has diffus'd the

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Splendour of its Race into all parts of the Earth. But as it was both Noble and Great, to be descended from an illustrious Country and Family, so was it much more Noble, much more Great to have adorn'd them with her own Vertues, and to have added new Splendor to 'em. For neither had the Family of the *Stuarts* ever a more excellent Woman, nor the *British* Empire a more Excellent Princess; who gave more Honour, more Glory to the Royal Dignity then she receiv'd from it; and as far excell'd all other Queens, as Queens exceed Private Women.

Many, and conspicuous were the Prognosticks of a true and far from counterfeited Piety, that glitter'd in her, and shin'd forth in the early dawn of her Infancy. For when in her tender Years she had lost an excellent Mother, and under the tuition of Persons less concern'd, was deliciously bred up in a Court full of all manner of Pleasure and Voluptuousness, such was always her Constancy, such her Temperance, and Modesty, that no Example of others, no Allurement of Vice, no Contagion of Neighbouring Courts could force her to go astray from the right Path. *Charles* the Second cherish'd these sparks of Vertue, and Seeds of Piety, and that he might alienate her from the *Roman* Ceremonies, commanded her to be instructed in the Fundamentals of the true Reform'd Religion by the Bishop of *London*, which he so happily laid, and she so cordially imbib'd, that she could never be shaken by any Treacherous Insinuations, any Promises or Threats, any Punishments or Rewards; choosing rather to dye, then never so little to recede from the Truth, wherein she had been grounded.

After she had spent the rest of her Childhood in those Studies, by which generous and illustrious Souls are rais'd to the Expectations of great Fortune, and had abundantly furnish'd herself as well with Christian as with Royal Vertues, in the fifteenth year of her Age, she was auspiciously Marry'd

Marry'd to *William* the third of that Name, Prince of *Orange*, Governour of those our United Provinces, a Prince no less renown'd for his Vertues, and his far fam'd Achievements, then for the Images of his Ancestors, and a long Series of Pedigree. *William* Marries *Mary*, a Kinsman a Kinswoman; and thus by a double Tye, and a firmer Knot then hitherto, the most noble Families of all *Europe* are joyn'd together. She, for her Ancestors claims the Family of the *Stuarts*; he, the *Nassavian* Race; She, the Monarchs of *Great Britain*; He, the Governours of *Germany*, and the *Cæsars* themselves.

The Nuptial Solemnities being over, the Royal Bride cross'd over out of *England* into these Parts, together with her Husband, and chose for her Seat and Residence, the *Hague*, the most pleasant and delightful place, not only of *Holland*, but almost of all *Europe*, first of all the Seat of the Counts of *Holland*, afterwards of the Princes of *Orange*, and native Country of this Prince; where belov'd of all Men, and fix'd in the Good-will of all the People propensely devoted to her, for the space of some Years, she so charmingly and affectionately liv'd with her Husband, the best of Men, and no less cordially affectionate to her, not only without the least contention or quarrel, but without the least suspicion of Luke-warmness, that she might well be said to be a conspicuous example of Conjugal Affection, not only to Kings, and Princes, and Men in high Degree, but also to private Persons. By which Matrimonial Conjunction, not only the Persons who contracted it, but both People and Nations, and the Countries themselves, otherwise divided by the Sea and the Interflowing Ocean, were combin'd together by a stronger League of Friendship and Society then before, and a stricter tye of Amity.

After some Interval of Time, when they who bare ill will to our Princes and us, to Liberty and Religion, and
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more especially to this Republick, stir'd up new Troubles in *England*, and the Nobility of the Kingdom call'd to their Aid our Prince; who was only able to apply a Remedy to the growing Mischief; and that our most undaunted Hero, undertaking a vast and absolutely *Herculean* Labour, such as will scarce find credit with Posterity, not without a Miracle altogether divine, while he strove one way, and the Winds drove another, at length waisted over with favourable Gales and Wishes, safely arriv'd in *England*, and without Resistance, but rather with the general Applause of the Nation, and as it were born upon the Shoulders of the People, came to the Royal City: when afterwards he invited his dearest Consort, then the Companion of his Bed, now of his Kingdom, to partake of the Honour offer'd him, and the Dignity soon after to be conferr'd upon him; and the equal share of his Fortune, in the eighty ninth Year of this Age, luckily and auspiciously both Husband and Wife were declar'd King and Queen, with equal Power and Authority by the common Vore and Suffrage, and unanimous Consent of both Houses.

What was then the Grief of these People, when not without sighs and Tears, and Sobs interrupted with grief, when a Princess so dearly beloved, set Sail from this Shoar, and left this her so well belov'd Country, never to return: What was then the Joy of those People, when she arriv'd upon the *English* Coast; when the Citizens of *London* beheld their Future Queen; what Crouding, what Applauses, what Acclamations, is more easie to be imagin'd than to be related, or comprehended in Words.

But when the King was to subdue *Ireland*; when our Great General was frequently to cross the Seas, in order to withstand the Common Enemy of *Europe*; with what prudence did she administer the Grand Affairs? how wisely, and advisedly govern the Kingdom, and with what Magnanimi-

ty confirm the Minds of the People? Witness that Dismal and Fatal Day, when upon the Tydings of the Navy shatter'd at Sea, and of the threatned Invasion of the Enemy by Land, like an Armed *Minerva*, she rode through the City, rais'd the dejected Spirits of the People, restored Life and Courage to all, and muster'd her self the Soldiers design'd for the Guard of the Coasts. Witness *Havre de Grace*, and that other Town upon the Coast of *France*, by the Courage of the *English* Fleet which her industrious Care set forth, laid in Ruines, and thunder'd into Ashes. Witness Both Houses of Parliament, that return'd Thanks to their Queen upon that occasion, and openly and publickly express'd the sentiments of their Hearts in words at large. So that the *English* were hardly sensible of the absence of their King; nor nor was there any thing which they wanted, but only the Person of the King.

Thus for several Years this Royal Heroess held a Divided Empire between her Royal Husband and her self. She rul'd *England*, while *William* govern'd *Belgium*, till toward the end of the preceeding Year, she began to sink under the first Assaults of a Terrible Disease; which tho it slacken'd at the Beginning, afterwards every Day prevailing more and more, and the fatal hour approaching, after she had bid adieu to Royal Pomp and all Earthly Affairs, she betook her self to pious meditations, plac'd her only hopes in God alone, and to him commended her soul.

In the mean time, together with several others of the same Order, the Pious and most Reverend Archbishop of *Canterbury*, Dr. *Tennison*, visited her, who observing how dangerously ill she was, and for that Reason, with pious and wholesome Exhortations, putting her in mind of her approaching End, with an undaunted Countenance, she return'd him this masculine and truly royal expression, *I am not now to prepare for Death; it has been my study all the days of my Life.* Then the Arch-

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bishop gave her the Memorial of the Divine Body, the Sacrament of our *Militia*. Which having received, after she had given her last, and never to be repeated Embraces to her most Dear Husband, she compos'd her self altogether to die, and between the sixth and seventh of *January*, about midnight, in the Royal Palace of *Kensington*, piously and placidly expiring, surrender'd her chaste soul to God, as became so Devout a Princess.

Oh Black and Dismal Night ! O horrid Day that followed, and blacker than the Night it self ! Fallacious Hopes ! and Vain Cogitations, even of Kings themselves ! The *Hero*, footy with the Dust and Smoak of War, and tyr'd with the Labours of a Tedious Campaign, delighted in the Embraces of his Beloved Confort, and thought to have wasted the Winter Hours in her Society. But his Wishes were disappointed : Instead of Joy he meets with Sorrow, Mourning instead of Applause, and finds a Funeral where he thought to have met a Wife. His otherwise Invincible Courage, gives way to Raging Grief ; and he who had so often condemn'd the Bullets and Swords of his Enemies ; he who dreaded neither Flames nor Steel, nor Death it self, Languishes, Falls, and Swoons away upon the Death of his Dearest Queen. He remembers himself to be but a *King*, finds himself a Man, and not unwilling, acknowledges the Excess of his Grief. *Miserable man that I am*, said he, *I have lost the best of Women, and the most pleasing Companion of my Life !*

Nor was that so much the Exposing of Love as of Truth it self : For all that knew her, acknowledg this Queen to have been the best and most Excellent of Women, endu'd with all Royal and Christian Virtues, and Adorn'd with all the Graces both of Body and Mind.

And altho these Blessings of the Mind are really solid and sempiternal Blessings, far to be prefer'd before the Perfections of the Body ; yet Vertue shines more Beautifully, and
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more pleasingly insinuates it self into us from a Graceful and Beautiful Body, after a manner not to be express'd. Which if it be true in private Persons, how much more in Princes, in whom that Excellency and Grace of Body charms and adds to the Allurements of Dignity by unknown and secret Insinuations. For seeing that the most Beautiful Workmanship of God is Man, and the more excellent part of Man is the Mind; how rare a thing and how transcendent is it to carry a beautiful Mind in a beautiful Structure of Body, and to how few Mortals doth that perfection happen? But in the Queen both these Perfections were Eminent. For she had a structure of Body to Admiration; Taller than usual, well shap'd, well proportion'd, and Majestick. Correspondent to her Body was her Face, becomming Empire and Command. A radiant Beauty overspread her Countenance, and the Concomitants of Beauty, Grace, a Royal Majesty, and a certain severity, temper'd with a mild serenity: You might know her to be a Queen by her Aspect. But a much nobler guest Inhabited this Domicil; a mind more Lovely than her Body; from whence, as from a perpetual Fountain, and a certain unexhausted Spring, all other both Royal and Christian Vertues exuberantly Flow'd; which how many, how transcendent and Illustrious they were, their Enumeration and Contemplation will make manifest.

In the first place, How extraordinary was her understanding and her insight into all Affairs? How quick and smart her judgment in discerning? How great her Memory in retaining? With what a Fortitude endow'd in undertaking? With what a Resolution to Execute? What an Elevation of mind? On the other side, how Mild, how Gentle, how Clement, how Courteous? How Affable? How Good, and what an inbred and natural Benignity towards all Men? How Prudent and Wise in administering the Affairs of the Kingdom? How severe and just in the determination of Disser-

Differences? In the Distribution of Punishments and Rewards? How munificent and liberal to the Poor? How singularly modest? How frugal and temperate in the midst of the Temptations of Life, and in the Pleasures of a Court? That hardly ever any private Person less indulg'd her self, than a Princess advanced to such an Illustrious Station of Honour and Dignity.

But nothing was more Illustrious in her, nothing more commendable, or more deserving Admiration and Encomium, among so many and so great Vertues, than that primary and above all transcending Vertue, real and sincere Piety, which the wisest of Kings adjudg'd to be the beginning of all Wisdom. There was nothing which she esteem'd more Religiously incumbent upon her, than to serve the Immortal God, and be assiduous in his Worship; to defend, maintain and propagate, with all the Force of her Kingdom, the true Religion purg'd and purified from Idols and Superstition. Nor was it her Opinion, that piety consisted in the Lips, but in the Heart; not in subtil Disputes, but in good Works; not in the Knowledg but the Observation of Precepts, and in the Cordial Performance of enjoyn'd Duties. Nor was it her choice with the *Athenians*, rather to know than do that which was right; but with the Antient *Cato*, tho more truly than he, rather to be good, than to seem so. In the morning she rose with the Sun, and Worship'd the Lord of Heaven and Earth. But when she was sometimes forc'd to rise at midnight, by reason of the Urgent Affairs of the State, and could not afterwards sleep, she commanded either the Holy Scripture, or some other Pious Book, to be brought her. If any persons came to Visit her in a morning before she had pour'd forth her Prayers, she sent 'em back with this Expression, *That she was first to serve the King of Kings*. If any persons were said to seek her Life by Treachery and Conspiracy, her Answer was, *That she submitted to the Will of Heaven*. She

She was ever present at Publick Congregations, especially when the Army was in motion, and some more imminent dangers threatned:

And when she was there, no person more attentive to the Preacher, no person pour'd forth more fervent Prayers to God, with a mind, rather than a Countenance Dejected and fix'd upon the Earth.

Then, how benificent, how bountiful, both in the Church, and without it, to the wanting Members of the Church, in all Parts of the Earth? How many thousands did she support at her own Charges, which that same horrid Tempest, and dismal Rage of the Monks, which they call Piety, had driven into these Countrys, or into *England*, Exiles from their Native Country, and depriv'd of the Liberty of their Consciences, much dearer than their Country? Who, lastly, ever was in real Want, to whose Succour something did not always flow from that abounding Fountain? Four times every year, she sent Letters, Subscrib'd with her own Hand, with Money to be distributed to the Poor, from whom she never desir'd the Repayment of Thanks. 'Tis not above three years since, that she sent a vast Sum of Money into *Holland* for the Relief of the Poor, and to supply the necessities of a bitter Winter, concealing her Name, according to her Custom. Benign and Munificent Princess! Give thou wouldst, but yet conceal thy Name: Hadst thou been now alive, how many poor and indigent, that Perish'd through the intense Rigour of this last Winter, had been then reliev'd by thy most Royal Bounty?

But as she Consecrated her first and chiefest Duties to God, her next she Dedicated to her Husband. How Lovingly did she Accompany him at his Departure? How affectionately did she Embrace him Returning? With how much Kindness and Sweetness did she Compensate the Hardships of War, and continual Travel by him sustain'd? This last

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time, unhappy last Time ! With what an incredible speed and Fervency, contemning the Injuries of the Weather, did she hasten to meet her dearest Consort, and Congratulate his safe Return ? While the King was absent, she alone took care of all the Affairs of the Kingdom : When he was present, she ceased to meddle with any Publick Business, but surrendred back the Government of the whole Empire into his Hand ; more joyful to resign it, than to take it up. So that never any Mother of a Family could be more obsequious to her Husband, than she was to the King.

Nor are you to believe, she wasted that Life in idleness. She had business enough to do. She oblig'd all People by her Favours. She studied to deserve the love of all men : She Cur'd the Sick ; she succoured the Afflicted ; and dispersed Relief to all that were in Want, or that Labour'd under any Calamity of Body. Of Time, so pretious, and the only thing of which we may be laudably allow'd to be Covetous, she was most sparing and parcimonious. Many times she set her Royal Hands to Embroider ; which she did not think beneath her self, in imitation of the Antient Queens. VVhen at the same time (give ear great *Seneca*, who so highly commendeth to us Covetousness of Time) she order'd to be read to her some profitable and learned Piece, which treated either of Politicks, or History, of Ethicks, or of Divinity. She her self also Read very much, whether in the City or the Country, and with honest, yet delightful ease deceiv'd her solitary Hours ; so that like the great *Scipio Africanus*, she was never less at leisure, than when at leisure, never less alone than when alone ; and like that other *Scipio*, Advantageously and Elegantly divided her Intervals of Leisure and Business. An Egregious Act, enough to shame not only VVomen, not only Youth, but Men of Years and Learning. Nor was it long since (give Ear ye Kings and Princes) that she Erected in her Palace, a Library peculiar
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to her self; a Precedent but rarely heard of before; and had furnish'd it, not so much with Gaudy as with useful Books. Thence had she drawn a copious Stock of Learning; deeply Read in History, and no less skill'd in Architecture, and Geometry: So that the Situations of all Countries, Regions, Cities and Seaport-Towns were familiar to her.

And she, who expended so much upon the Worship of God, her Duty to her Husband, upon the People, and upon all in Necessity; how much did she Expend upon her self? She spent all upon her Mind; took little or no care of her Body. VVhen any new fashion'd Garment, or costly Ornament was shewed her, she rejected 'em as superfluous, and Answered, *The Mony might be better laid out upon the Poor.* Wonderful Princess, endu'd with so Pious and Modest a Mind! Great Exemplar, fit for Imitation! She bestows upon the Poor, she denies her self, she contemns, so great and Potent a Princess neglects and scorns those Things, which all other private Women so ardently and vehemently covet and desire.

Which shall I most admire amidst so many, and so great Vertues? Whether that extraordinary Piety towards God, that shun so brightly forth in her tender Years; while never Woman worship'd, lov'd, and honour'd God with a more fervent or purer zeal? Whether that sacred, and Praise-worthy Desire of promoting Religion, upon which she was so singularly intent, that without the Providence of God, and the Care and Vigilance of this our Princess, we should have hardly had any stirring by this? Whether that most ardent Conjugal Love, wherein she far exceeded *Cyrus's Panthea*, *Mausolius's Ariemisia*, and *Mithridates's Hyppocratea*? Whether that Prudence and Wisdom in Governing, wherein she surpass'd not only Women, but many famous Men? Whether her Equity in the Administration of Justice; while Men lookt upon her as Superiour

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to *Aristides*, to *Phocian*, and deem'd her to be Justice herself? Whether that Benign, both Mind and Countenance that equall'd her with *Socrates*, and his Imperial Competitor *Antoninus*, while her deportment was affable and benevolent to all sorts and degrees of People; fully convinc'd that nothing could be more Royal than the Saying of that most excellent Prince, and Emperor, most like herself, that it behov'd her not to let any Person depart sad from her Presence? VWhether that Modesty and Temperance, that Frugality in so great an Exuberancy of Fortune; by means of which she stood impregnable to all the Temptations, and *Circæan* Sorceries of a Vicious Court, nor could be seduc'd from the Paths of true Vertue? So that her Court seem'd not to be the Mansion of a Queen, but the House of some private Matron, or rather the Temple of Chastity; by which means she made the Bad Good, as is said of *Antoninus* the Philosopher, the Good Better and like herself? Or whether her Clemency, and good Nature prone to win the Good-will of all People; so that she was no less griev'd than they who Petition'd, if it so fell out that she could not grant their Requests; and like that most Magnanimous Prince, thought that day lost wherein she was not kind to some body or other? Or that transcendent Benificence, her Compassion, and that Motherly Affection of a Munificent Princess to the Sick and Poor, whose charitable Deeds, like those of the *Roman* Centurion may be thought to have ascended up into Heaven? Or lastly, that extraordinary, and more than Masculine Magnanimity and Constancy, as well through the whole Course of her Life, as at her Death? Who among the poorest, and most miserable ever with more easiness resign'd this mortal Life, so obnoxious to a Thousand Calamities, than She, in the midst of Regal Pomp, and plenty with a Royal, and truly Heroick Mind, condemn'd and surrender'd all the Pleasures of Life, and Regal Dignity,

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and hasten'd to the Supream King of Heaven and Earth, by whom she had been only sent us hitherto? How many proofs did she manifest of a Mind undaunted, joyful, and desirous to leave this Life? How many clear and evident Demonstrations did she give of her Love to God? How comfortably did she address herself to the King and the rest of the standers by? How well assured of Eternal Life and Immortality did she bid farewell to this Life, and all Terrestrial Felicities, and transigrate to that same only Fountain, and perpetual Spring of all Beatitude? So that her Life and Death was a most perfect and consummate Exemplar of Vertue and Piety: Nor did Nature ever produce any thing more excellent than she, who in all her Life never did, never said or thought any thing but what was Praise-worthy; so that what was said of *Scipio Emilianus* may be more truly recorded of our Princess, whose Vertues were so many, so great, and of that moment every one, that no Man ever durst presume so much as tacitly to beg of the Immortal God, as this our Queen obtain'd from the most indulgent Dispenser of all Good.

And because the mind of Man is better discern'd by his Death than by his Life; for Man is apt in his Life time to conceal and dissemble his Affections; but at his Death the Mask being remov'd, he appears what he is; what was more noble or signal than the Death of this Queen? What more becoming a Wife Man and a Christian than that saying of hers, *This is not the first time that I prepar'd my self for Death.* Great Sentence! most worthy a Philosopher and a Pious Man! What more does Philosophy teach us, what more the Christian Religion! For if Philosophy be meditation upon Death, as rightly of old the *Platonics* observ'd; if we must be always learning to dye, according to the *Stoics*, may not she be said to have liv'd a *Philosophical Life*, and the likest to *Socrates* himself, who

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during the whole course of her Life, was always meditating upon Death? *Socrates* is every where lovely, every where appears a Vertuous and Holy Man, but no where more lovely or greater, than at his *Exit*, and at his death which he so generously fought, by which he immortaliz'd his Vertue and Integrity, and confirm'd what he had all along taught, not by Words but Deeds, and his Voluntary *Exit* out of this Life. How much a more signal and Laudable Testimony of her Vertue and Sanctity, than that Philosopher, did our Queen give to the World by her death, so Heroick, and to be imitated by all Christians? Who forsook not a private, not a miserable, but a Royal Life, abounding in all delights, without the least repining; who so departed this Life as from a Banquet; escap'd from the Court as out of a Prison; who more assur'd of the immortality of her Soul, and the hopes of a better Life, with a greater Resolution, did not inflict a spontaneous Death upon herself, but expected a decreed Stroke from the Hand of the Supreme Lord of all things. who forbids us to quit our Stations uncommanded by himself; and beheld the common Enemy of Mankind, the most terrible of all most terrible things, with a Mind altogether undaunted, and a Countenance nothing terrified. No wonder she had learnt to dye, it had been her only Study. She understood the Frailty of Life, like Glass, the brighter the more brittle. She knew that we dy'd every day; that the beginning of Life was the beginning of Death; that there was nothing firm and Stable here; that we are promis'd another Life, constant, solid and permanent; that Death is but the Passage to it; that no Man can dye well, but he that liv'd well; that no Man lives well but he that has Death always before his Eyes, and has learnt to dye well. Our Princess fill'd with these Cogitations, scorn'd and repudiated all the conveniences and blandishments of Life, Honors and Dignities, Scepters and Diadems,

Diadems, and whatever Men deem Fortunate ; and with a great and Royal Mind while she liv'd, contemn'd Life, and Death when she dy'd: and by so doing, nobly and gloriously triumph'd over both.

Renown'd Woman of a Masculine, and Courageous Spirit, victorious over Death it self ! By what name shall I call thee ? Whether Parent of thy Country, formerly the Sirname ascrib'd to *Livia*, but more truly to be given to thee ? Whether August, which was attributed to the *Roman* Empresses, but due to thy Merit, than which nothing was more Sacred, nothing more August ? Or the best of Princesses, which was first allow'd to *Scipio Masica*, afterwards to *Trajan*, by decree of the Senate: An Epithete, that must never be renew'd again, now thou art gone, nor will return to Earth without the Remembrance of thy Vertues ? Or the Defendress of the Faith, a Title more truly appropriated to Thee, than to Him, to whom it was first indulged ? Most Holy and Religious Princess, before whom no Woman is to be preferr'd !

Let sacred and prophane Histories recommend to us the Fortitude of *Deborah*, the Charity of *Dorcas* ; the Prudence of *Semiramis*, and her Knowledge how to Govern ; the Courageous Soul of *Zenobia*, and her fervent Love of Learning the incredible Endowments both of Body and Mind in *Aspasia*, and her singular Modesty ; the Piety of *Placilla*, and her assiduous care of the Needy and Sick ; let the *British* Annals extol their *Maud*, their *Philippa*, their *Elizabeth*, and their transcending Vertues ; neither Antiquity, nor this our modern Age can boast of any thing that is to be compar'd with this our far surpassing Queen, worthy of far greater Encomiums. What singly they possess'd, this had accumulatively crouded in one Person, as being a Compendium of all those Vertues.

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For my part, when I revolve all these things in my Mind, and diligently weigh the particular Vertues of this single Woman, I am plainly and evidently convinc'd that never any thing was produc'd in this world more excellent than this Princess, nor that ever any greater Blessing happen'd to Mortals. For if that saying of *Plato* be true, as 'tis most certain, that Cities then will have an end of all their miseries, when great Power and Prudence, by a certain divine State, meet with mutual Embraces with Equity and Justice; if the World shall then be happy, as the same Author asserts, when either Kings are wise, or wise Men Reign, how happy and fortunate would have been our Republick, and the People and Nations committed to her care, who with so much prudence and wisdom govern'd her Kingdom; who with so much Justice and Equity temper'd her Power; who in that high Station of her Fortune never did harm to any Man, when she had so much Power to injure; whose Humility contended with her majesty, whose Clemency with her Severity, and whose Goodness with her supream Authority; who thought herself so much Greater, by how much she was better than others, as *Agefilas* said of *Artaxerxes*; who splendidly and wisely govern'd Cities and People, then which Knowledge how to Reign well, *Dioclesian* from his own Experience was wont to affirm, that there was not any Art or Science more difficult to be learnt? And if *Fabius Maximus* were stil'd of old the Buckler of the Empire, *Marcellus* the Sword, do we not behold the true and genuine Effigies of our King and Queen in these two illustrious Captains; of which he, like *Marcellus* defends us with his Sword; she like *Fabius* protected us with her Buckler, and holding in the one hand her Spear, her Shield in the other, now represented to our Eyes the Armed *Pallas*, then again the gentle and Pacifick *Minerva*, as well the Goddess of Prudence as of War.

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Lastly, if man were made after the Image of God; if Kings are ordain'd of God; if the most conspicuous vertues of the supream Deity are his Immense Goodness and Power, how evidently did our August Queen represent the Image of God both in her words and deeds? How piously did she perform her Vicegerency? How nearly imitate his Vertues? VVho greatest in power, best in Goodness justly deserv'd to be call'd the *Best* and *Greatest* of Princesses, by a holy Appellation, and common to her with God himself? For he is *Optimus Maximus*, the *Greatest Best*, but first he is call'd the *Best*, and then the *Greatest*. By which what other did Antiquity signifie to us, but that this was the chief Character proper to God, and that he had no Attribute more excellent than his Goodness? This chief and primary Vertue of the supream Deity who among Mortals more truly ever imitated than our Queen? Who as she had receiv'd supremacy of Power from God, so likewise a Will propensely inclin'd to deserve well of all Men; who distributed the Gifts conferr'd upon her from Heaven, for the common Good, and Benefit of All; who shew'd herself not only a munificent Queen, but a certain Divinity visible upon Earth, and conspicuous to our Eyes; so that the People committed to her Care might know and be sensible that they liv'd under *MARTY*, the most Pious and upright, that is to say, the *Best*, and surpassing all the best in her Kind.

Such a Princess therefore, so excellent, and so far as Vertue can be understood, so admirable and Transcending we have lost; who by sweetness of Manners, and by her singular Clemency and Beneficence had won the Love of all people. The *English* lov'd her, the *Hollanders* lov'd her, and as she so lov'd both Nations, that it was hard to discover which the best, so the people of both Nations reverenc'd her with an equal Affection; only the strife between 'em was, who lov'd her most Fervently. Nor had she only engag'd the *English*;

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the *Hollanders* and other Nations subjected to her Empire, but among Foreigners and Strangers, she had also won the favour and good-will of all People; all Men extoll'd that Woman whom no man ever spoke ill of, unless he were at the same time the profess'd Enemy of all Vertue.

But as she was then the Love of all Nations, the delight of both People; so is she now the Subject of their Lamentation. She is now become the publick and common grief of all Men. However there is that Consolation still remaining among us, which if it cannot absolutely assuage, yet well may serve to alleviate and mitigate our Sorrow. We have a King still living, strong and healthy, who being safe, we may believe that God has not altogether cast us from our Protection. We have Peers, and the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom, who with all the King's Forces, all his warlike preparations, both at home and abroad, both by Land and Sea, will carry on the War. We have our own Republick, strong, flourishing, potent, and equally sustaining the burthens of the War. We have our powerful Allies and Friends, *Cesar*, the *Spaniards*, the *Germans*, join'd together with us in the same League and Confederacy of War. But above all things we have the Supream God of Heaven and Earth, propitious and favourable to the Religious Cause of his People; through whose assistance we promise better things for the future, and a prosperous Issue of this War. But our Mourning exceeds all Consolation, nor will our grief for the death of our best Princess endure that any Restraint should be put upon it; a Princess, whom Nations at length begin to value, now that they have lost her. She is now translated to a better place, and freed from the fetters of this mortal and perishing Body, has exchanged for an immortal, this frail Life, a Terrestrial for a Celestial Kingdom, and all her Royal Splendor upon Earth for a far brighter Glory; where with Holy Quire of the Blessed, and her Illustrious Ancestors.

Ancestors she possesses the Fruition of never ceasing Gladness, and sempiternal Joy, leaving only to us Tears and Lamentation, a long lasting Sorrow, and as a grateful, so a sad and mournful Remembrance of her. The King bewails the best of Wives; the *English* the best of Queens; the *Hollanders* the best of Princesses; the Republick a protectress; the Church a Defendress; Widows and Orphans a Foster-Mother, the miserable, the needy, and the sick a true support, and all a Mother and a Parent. Most certainly we have lost a Mother and a Parent, our Mother and Parent; who as she had by many Merits and Benefits engag'd the Kingdom of *England*, and our Republick, with the true Worship of God, the Reform'd Religion purg'd from *Roman* Contamination, all honest and laudable Arts and Sciences, so would she have heap'd upon 'em greater Obligations, greater Benefits, had the supream Arbitr of all things vouchsafed her ease, Peace, and a longer Life. Now we have lost the Harvest of the present time, and the hopes of the future: Now we are sensible of a double loss; now we bewail, deplore, lament the Best and most Excellent of Princesses, snatch'd from us by a Death untimely and fatal to us all. And though it become us not to disturb her Celestial Joys with our importunate and troublesome means, since our Tears can never recal her, however who will not be so indulgent to our Humane Weakness, as to pardon us the Mourners at so Calamitous a Funeral? Who in the midst of general Sorrow and Lamentation can refrain from publick Tears? These are the last Offices which are due to her; and this day appointed for Universal Mourning. But the rest must be reserv'd till another time, as being dedicated to the Muses, who must then be the Close Mourners.

EPITAPHIUM

Augustissimæ heroinæ *MARIÆ II.* magnæ *Brittanniæ, Galliæ, & Hiberniæ, Reginae.*

Anglorum Mater, Batavum spes, Gloria Sexus,
Prudens, æqua, Sagax, pulchra, Benigna, gravis,
Conjugis, & Populi lachrymis in marmora versis,
Hic tegitur, generis magna *Stuarta* decus.

B. D. MANDEVILLE. Med. Doct.